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SKETCHES OF EMIGRANT LIFE:—CLEARING THE GROUND.

## AUSTRALIA:

### III.—ITS AGRICULTURAL AND PASTORAL LIFE.

FROM the gold-fields of Australia we proceed to notice its flocks and herds, with their squatters, shepherds, and stockmen, engaged in a depart-

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ment of industry which, were there not a grain of the precious metal in the soil, powerfully recommends its shores to an emigrating population, by offering immediate employment, good remuneration, and that which is so mournfully wanting at

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home in the case of the masses—the possibility of accumulating surplus earnings, so as to emerge from the strictly dependant class, and rise in society. A brief historic notice of one of our staple manufactures will appropriately preface our remarks. The name by which unmarried females in England are designated—"spinsters"—is a proof at once of the antiquity and universality of a domestic woollen manufacture, for the origin of the term is beyond the limit of any record or tradition, while it is applied indifferently to all classes, from the daughter of royalty to the factory and peasant girl. Of the value attached by our ancestors to the raw material, we have a memorial at present in the "woolsack" of the House of Lords, as the highest seat, after the throne, in that branch of the legislature is still styled. Such, without any figure of speech, it originally was—a simple woolsack; though perhaps this advance to high place of a somewhat ungainly article, was not a compliment merely to a staple product of the realm, the foundation of its commercial wealth, but adopted because the rude simplicity of early times could provide no better kind of furniture. In the days of the Plantagenets and Tudors, the native wool was reckoned superior in fineness to any produced on the continent, and was so highly valued in Spain that its mixture with other wool was strictly prohibited by the municipal laws of Barcelona. But its character has remarkably changed in recent times. Sheep-breeders, looking to the profit to be derived from the flesh of the animal, have been intent upon rapidly producing larger and better individuals by a system of artificial feeding, in consequence of which the fleeces have increased in length and bulk of fibre, so as to be no longer adapted for fine fabrics, though available for other purposes. Thus a coarser wool being grown, and the advancing luxury of the age continually demanding articles of finer texture, manufacturers were compelled to look to foreign sources for the supply of a superior material, in order to maintain the character of their products. It came to hand first from Spain; but in 1765, at the close of the seven years' war, the elector of Saxony planted a few Merino sheep in the neighbourhood of Dresden, which, so far from degenerating, improved upon their Spanish progenitors. Hence Germany, for a series of years, took the lead in meeting the demand of the English market; but this distinction has been recently gained by our youthful Australian colonies, and is not likely to be lost. The production of wool in the latter region has increased at an enormous rate; and its transport to the mother country now gives employment to a fleet of shipping. In 1834, the supply did not amount to one-tenth part of the total quantity imported, but it rose to nearly one half in 1848, when the importation stood as follows:—

From	Quantity imported.
Germany . . . . .	14,428,723 lbs.
South America . . . . .	7,384,331
British India . . . . .	5,997,435
Cape of Good Hope . . . . .	3,407,250
Russia . . . . .	2,349,009
Denmark . . . . .	1,381,356
Italy . . . . .	736,137
Turkey . . . . .	690,300
Australia, with Tasmania and New Zealand . . . . .	30,034,567

English wool is now principally used in the pro-

duction of the articles which come under the denomination of worsted goods. Australian wool, though not yet equal to the Saxon, enters largely into the manufacture of our best cloths, and of the beautiful fabrics which are known in the shops of haberdashers as Indianas, Merinoes, and Challis. The congeniality and dryness of the climate, the purity of the atmosphere, and the character of the herbage, doubtless contribute to the fine quality of the fleeces. A soil of low productive power as compared with the virgin soils of the western world, is yet admirably adapted to sustain an indigenous vegetation—luxuriant, healthy, and vigorous in its kind, yielding an excellent support to animal life. The grasses are tufted and delicate, or rank and coarse, according to the situation. But they retain their nourishing properties in the driest seasons, long after the common European varieties in similar circumstances would become completely burnt up. Barley grass and kangaroo grass (*Authisteria Australis*), the two prevailing kinds, are remarkable for nutritious qualities. The latter in favourable localities attains the height of four or five feet, and is cut for hay; but a short succulent blade is shown in a drier soil, and flocks are rapidly fattened on it in its dwarf state on the uplands. Though deficient irrigation renders the herbage thin and scanty, this is compensated by the vast range of the pasture grounds; while the vegetation of the grasses is not impeded by the woodlands, as the predominating gum-trees have too little foliage to cast a definite dark shadow.

An extraordinary example of multiplication is furnished by the history of Australian live stock; and let it be remembered, that the country possessed originally not a single quadruped of the slightest service in the economy of domestic life. Sixty-four years ago, January 26, 1788, when the first colony was planted, and the British flag was hoisted on the shores of Sydney-cove, then thinly wooded and abounding in kangaroos, there was landed one bull, four cows, one bull-calf, one stallion, three mares, and three colts, with a few sheep. These were located on the shore of the grand inlet, where a spot was cleared for a farm, and the seeds and fruit-trees, also carried out, were sown and planted. During the first year, native dogs destroyed five ewes and a lamb, while some of the cattle broke away from the settlement, and originated a wild stock in a fine district on the Nepean river, still known in consequence as the cow-pastures. The primitive sheep were of the Bengal breed, large unsightly animals, with coarse hairy fleeces, more resembling goats. They speedily exhibited a remarkable change for the better, attesting the important effect of soil and climate, in the improvement of breeds, wholly apart from the paramount influence of blood; and from them, subsequently crossed with South Downs, Leicesters, and Merinoes, all the improved flocks of these colonies have sprung. The following statistics, of recent date, strikingly contrast with the statement already given respecting the first live stock landed:—

	Sheep.	Cattle.	Horses.
New South Wales . . . . .	7,026,000	1,360,100	111,200
South Australia . . . . .	1,200,000	100,000	6,000
Victoria . . . . .	6,083,000	346,562	16,743

No other country can show a similarly rapid

and marvellous augmentation in the number of its domesticated animals; and the real increase has been far more considerable than is exhibited by the above figures, owing to the thousands of sheep and cattle which have gone to the butcher, died of disease, or been slaughtered and boiled down for the purpose of obtaining tallow.

Agriculture is carried on extensively by small farmers, who work with their families, hiring assistants in harvest-time, but conducting its operations in general without science. Manure, fallowing, and rotation of crops are seldom heard of; yet the produce of the ill-treated soil is surprising. Wheat, maize, barley, and potatoes are the principal products. Wheat is sown from the commencement of March to the end of June; the harvest is from November to January; but good crops of culinary vegetables are yielded, as potatoes, turnips, onions, and peas, planted or sown at almost any time of the year, a highly important advantage. Clearing land for cultivation is effected either by digging around the roots of the trees till they fall, or cutting off the trunks about a yard from the ground, leaving the stumps in the earth, and burning the fallen timber after using what may be required for buildings and fences. This is entirely an affair of trouble and expense, since the great mass of the Australian timber is valueless, being almost uniformly uneven, and so heavy that it will not float. But it is seldom necessary to clear to any important extent, owing to the great abundance of open or lightly timbered land. Fields are inclosed with split-rails morticed into upright posts. The construction of such fences has been followed as a distinct species of handicraft, at which labourers, paid by the rod, have readily earned from 6s. to 7s. per day. Ploughing is chiefly performed with bullocks: the ploughs, being generally made of wood, are easily repaired if damaged, and answer best among the roots which abound in the soil. In reaping, the wheat-ear is cut off near the top of the stalk; the farmer not caring to encumber his barn with straw, for which he has very little use. But purely agricultural products must necessarily be raised upon a limited scale, as there is no market for them beyond what the colonies themselves supply; for though Australian wheat has occasionally appeared in Mark-lane, the distance is too great to admit of profitable competition there with the continental grower. Husbandry embraces the cultivation of the vine for wine and raisins; orangeries flourish; tobacco is raised; the growth of the mulberry for silk-worms, and of the olive, may be indefinitely augmented, silk and olive-oil becoming articles of export; and great plantations of cotton, coffee, and sugar, to which the soil and climate of the northern regions are adapted, may mark the future history of the country.

The eminently agricultural region of Australia embraces the longest settled districts of New South Wales, on the maritime side of the Blue Mountains. The landscape has here many of the features of the old world—towns, villages, good roads, public-houses, tilled and inclosed fields, comfortable houses of stone and brick, surrounded with gardens and orchards. But on passing from the coast to the interior, the agricultural is left for the generally pastoral district, where little distur-

ance has been given to the primitive aspect of nature, and the sheep-farmer lives in a condition of rude independence, occupying a country overgrown with trees, shrubs, rushes, and grasses, with no inclosures but a few paddocks around his house.

The extensive tracts devoted to sheep-breeding are generally held on lease, from the government, for a term of years, and for purposes exclusively pastoral, no attention being allowed to be paid to agriculture, except the raising of as much grain, hay, vegetables, and fruit as the family or establishment of the occupier may require for domestic use. Having selected a district, or "run" as it is called, of unappropriated land, in the choice of which careful attention must be paid to water-provision and pasturage, he takes out a licence of occupation, at a rental proportioned to the number of sheep or cattle which the district is calculated to support. It must at least be capable of carrying 4000 sheep, or an equivalent number of cattle, for which an annual rent of 10*l.* is paid, with an extra 2*l.* 10*s.* per annum for every additional 1000 sheep, or proportionate increase of cattle. The capabilities of the location are estimated by a commissioner of crown lands. A half-yearly assessment is also laid on all the live stock at the station, a halfpenny per head for sheep, three-halfpence for cattle, and threepence for horses. During the continuance of the lease no person can interfere with the holder's right of occupation, and he may purchase at any time the entire run, or portions of it, at the price of not less than 20*s.* per acre. At the expiration of the term he has a claim for unexhausted improvements, with the right of pre-emption in preference to any other person; and very probably these licensed settlers will become leaseholders in perpetuity, and be somewhat analogous to the crown feudatories of the middle ages, paying an annual quit-rent for their possessions. To settle thus in the primeval wilderness is in colonial phrase to "squat," a barbarous appellation of transatlantic origin, but applied to a very different class of men to those denoted by it in America. The Australian squatters include many educated persons retired from their professions—military, naval, legal, or medical—enterprising younger branches of good families from the mother country; and, at the squatting stations, the vast quantities of wool shipped at the ports are mainly produced.

Sheep-runs vary in extent, according to the character of the ground and the means of the farmer, but they not unfrequently approximate to the size of the small English counties. They commonly include thickly wooded hilly ranges, interspersed in a smoothly undulating country, which is lightly timbered, and sometimes spreads out into extensive flats bounded only by the horizon. Towards the centre of the run, if there is good soil, and a convenient supply of wood and water, the homestead is planted, a rude wooden building in the remote interior, with a garden, stores, offices, stock and farm yards adjacent. A spacious grass paddock, and some smaller ones for tillage, all inclosed with a post-and-rail fence, with a large shed for shearing the sheep and storing the wool, are other appurtenances of the headquarters. Nigh at hand may be seen a drove of horses, belonging to the master and his men, for

there are few labourers who have not purchased a horse out of their earnings, the passion for riding being universal. The lambing and shearing seasons are the grand epochs of pastoral life. They are times of anxiety to the sheep-owner, as a storm of sleet may destroy hundreds of his lambs, and the paucity of hands has usually rendered the engagement of shearers a work of some difficulty. Shearing forms a distinct occupation, men leaving their other pursuits in the towns for the purpose, and travelling on horseback from station to station, earning high wages. Thus it was before the gold discovery; but, at the last shearing time, it was found next to impossible to get the work accomplished. An anecdote, illustrating the unnatural state of the labour market at that season, has passed current. A flock-master, of mark in his own estimation, and in that of his men before the gold revolution, being in trouble about getting his wool shorn, went to a party at the diggings, determined to comply with extortionate terms, in order to have assistance for a few days. The men consulted, and agreed to comply, but stipulated for "all the wool" as the payment for their services. On his retiring in disgust, they coolly stated their want of a cook, and offered him the place at 15s. a day. Shearing, which lasts six weeks or two months, is performed in November, and under cover to avoid heat and rain. While the shearer is at work, a second hand gathers the fleeces, a third folds them up and passes them to a fourth engaged in pressing them into a wool-pack, to the number of about a hundred to the bale. The cargo is then conveyed by bullock drays to Sydney or Melbourne, sold to the foreign merchant and shipped for England. At the ports the bullocks are slaughtered, except those which are wanted for the lighter return journey, the settler conveying home such supplies of tea, sugar, and other articles as may be required till the same season again returns.

On an extensive sheep-farm, at the distance of some miles from the homestead, the sheep are kept at "out-stations," and pastured around them. These outlying establishments are also widely apart from each other, so that the flocks belonging to one may migrate over a considerable space without meeting and mingling with those attached to another. Each consists of a bark hut with two flocks, of from 500 to 1500, according to the capabilities of the ground, two shepherds, and a person who acts as hut-keeper and watchman. The shepherds take out the flocks in the early morning, travelling slowly, so that they may feed at leisure, and spreading them well over the ground. Each has the assistance of a dog, sometimes of two. By noon the greatest distance from the fold has been accomplished; the sheep are then brought to rest; and under some tree or bush the shepherd empties his wallet, taking his meal of mutton, tea, and "damper," a cake made of flour and water provided beforehand by the hut-keeper. After an hour or two, the flocks are led back in the same manner by a different route, watered by the way, and quartered for the night in yards or hurdles. The business of the hut-keeper is to cook for the shepherds, clean the yards, or shift the hurdles, and take charge of the sheep by night, sleeping in a moveable watch-box near the folds, armed with a

gun, to prevent the attacks of the native dogs. The *dingo*, or wild dog of Australia, resembles in many respects the English fox, but is somewhat larger, more wolfish in his appearance and habits, more audacious also, and equally cunning. Instead of barking, the dingoes howl or yell in a most unearthly kind of tone. Pressed by hunger, they will approach close to the door of the huts, and leap over the hurdles among the sheep, on the side of the fold opposite to that of the watchman. They rarely kill at once, but coolly commence eating their victim at whatever part is first laid hold of, three or four often gnawing away together at the unfortunate animal. Sometimes, when negligently guarded, an entire flock is "rushed" or dispersed by the marauders, and may not be collected again for several days by five or six mounted men.

While sheep browse on one part of the run, cattle may be found pasturing on another, or cattle-grazing is pursued almost exclusively. Each herd, 1000 or 2000 strong, is under the charge of a stockman, who has a hut-keeper, commonly his wife, and whose habits are equestrian, the best horsemanship being required to manage the drove and collect stragglers. The stockman's business, unlike the shepherd's, is one of activity and excitement, not devoid of danger either, owing to the constant tendency of the cattle to run wild, and their difficult management when not thoroughly domesticated. To check this tendency, no plan is found more efficacious than that of milking the cows as far as possible, though the milk is often thrown away, and forming dairies, though they are not deemed in other respects remunerative. At certain times of the year, the herds are mustered and driven to the stock-yard, for the fat bullocks to be drafted off, and the calves to be branded with the owner's mark, as that operation is required by law, in order that stray individuals may be identified. On these occasions neighbouring stockmen lend their assistance to the grazier, expecting similar aid from him in return. Boots, spurs, trousers, shirt, and cap constitute the dress of the hunters. At their appearance, the frightened cattle are off at a gallop, and the riders are after them, armed with tremendous whips, the crack of which may be heard for miles. Cows low for their lost calves, and these for their mothers; bulls brought into close contact furiously menace each other; bullocks bellow after their decamped companions; and feats of horsemanship are performed by the drovers—sudden turns and twists to avoid chasms below and projecting branches of trees above—which with an English steed would be deemed impossible. Both cattle and sheep are annually slaughtered in great numbers, and the carcases boiled down for tallow, which the foreign merchants buy for the London market as readily as wool, and which has now become a regular article of export, equal in quality to that brought from Russia. The gelatine of the meat either runs to waste, or is formed into cakes for cookery purposes; it might be preferred by the consumers of ox-tail soup in our metropolis to the Bermondsey glue with which that compost is frequently flavoured.

To improve the feed on a cattle and sheep farm, the apparently strange operation of firing the country is often adopted. Neither flocks nor herds will

thrive in the midst of overgrown grasses; but upon the rank vegetation being burnt off, they fatten upon the nutritious young shoots which speedily appear. A dry season and a windy day are selected for the conflagration. It quickly spreads over a vast extent of the surface, envelops the landscape in volumes of flame and smoke, originating that black and calcined appearance of the forest, which strikes the stranger with surprise, and gives it a forbidding aspect. "Viewed from a convenient height, an hour or two after the sun has disappeared below the horizon, there is an approximation to the sublime in the spectacle of forty or fifty miles of long and thick grass in one mass of conflagration—the atmosphere heated for many miles—dense volumes of smoke carried athwart the sky—birds, snakes, and quadrupeds hurrying away from the coming destruction—kangaroos, opossums, bandicoots, and emus rushing forward, being driven from their hiding-places." M. de Strzelecki has condemned the process, upon the principle that in so dry a climate the feed may be permanently crippled, by the roots being destroyed through long exposure to a scorching sun. But the lessons of experience, the true test of the practice, are at variance here with a probable theory.

Want of previous experience is no disqualification for Australian pastoral life. Situations speedily teach their duties where the mind is willing, and practice soon makes perfect. In fact, an English or Scotch emigrant shepherd will be trammelled in the vocation by his old training, and will not so readily accommodate himself to an altered position as an entire stranger to the work. Most incongruous professions have been followed by those who have gone out and prospered in a completely new sphere. A writer thus sums up the class of shepherds in his district:—"An apothecary, a lawyer's clerk, three sailors, a counting-house clerk, a tailor, a Jew, a Portuguese sailor, a Cingalese, a barman, a gentleman's son, a broken-down merchant, a former lieutenant in the East India Company's service, a gipsy, a black fiddler, and a dancing master." The gentleman's son, the Jew, and the barman managed the best. It is difficult to speak of the rate of wages in the Australian colonies, owing to the sudden enhancement given to the monetary value of labour in consequence of the gold discovery. But though present extravagant prices may decline, there is little doubt that they will long continue sufficiently high to provide the industrious and thrifty labourer with the means of soon rising to comparative independence, even though on landing at Sydney, Melbourne, or Geelong, he may not have a sixpence in his possession.

## THE TWO DUELLISTS.

ALIKE, AND YET HOW DIFFERENT!

A VERY instructive biography, abounding, amidst much valuable matter of a religious nature, in interesting anecdotes of departed men and things, has recently been published. We allude to the life of Robert Haldane, of Airthrey, and James Alexander Haldane, his brother—individuals who are honourably distinguished for their efforts at the beginning of this century to revive evangelical religion when

at a very low ebb in Scotland. The work is one of great and permanent interest. From amidst many passages, we select the following, which describes Mr. James Haldane as a duellist, and shows him afterwards, when under the transforming influence of the grace of God, as a reprover of the practice to which through a false shame he had himself formerly yielded.

"The ship was crowded with passengers; amongst these there was a cavalry officer, who was returning home—a notorious shot, a successful duellist, and much of a bully. It afterwards appeared that he had been forced to leave the king's service, in consequence of his quarrelsome temper and aptitude for such brawls. In the course of the voyage he made himself very disagreeable, and was rather an object of dread. On one occasion some high words occurred between him and Mr. James Haldane, arising out of a proposal to make the latter a party to a paltry trick, designed to provoke an irritable invalid as he lay in his cot with his door open, and was, in fact, actually dying. Mr. J. Haldane's indignant refusal issued in this captain's taking an opportunity deliberately and publicly to insult him at the mess-table, when, in return for a somewhat contemptuous retort, the aggressor threw a glass of wine in Mr. Haldane's face. He little knew the spirit which he evoked. To rise from his seat and dash at the head of the assailant a heavy ship's tumbler was the work of an instant. Provisionally the missile was pitched too high, pulverized against the beam of the cabin, and descended in a liquid shower upon the offending dragoon. A challenge ensued, and Mr. J. Haldane consulted with a friend as to the propriety of accepting it. That the challenger was under a cloud with his own regiment was certain, although the particulars were unknown, and it was decided that it was optional to accept or decline the cartel. But, as the matter was then doubtful, it was ruled that, in obedience to the code of honour, it was safer to give the captain the benefit of the doubt; and he was himself the more clear on the point, as the reputation of the challenger as a shot might probably be regarded as having influenced a refusal.

"The preliminaries being arranged, it was agreed that they should meet at the Cape of Good Hope; but the captain of the ship suspecting mischief, refused leave to land. The meeting was accordingly postponed till they arrived at St. Helena, when they all went ashore, unobserved, very early in the morning. The night before, James Haldane made his will, wrote a letter of farewell to his brother in the event of his death, and then went to bed, and slept so soundly that he did not awake till he was called. It happened that, owing to the apprehension of being observed and detained, the duellists had only one case of pistols, which belonged to Mr. Haldane's second, a naval officer of some distinction, afterwards better known, during the war, as Admiral Donald Campbell, who commanded the Portuguese fleet, and also enjoyed a pension for services rendered to Lord St. Vincent and Lord Nelson. The two antagonists were placed at twelve paces distant, and were to fire together and by signal. Before the pistol was given into Mr. J. Haldane's hand, his second, in a low tone, repeated what he had before told him, that this was

a case in which he must have no scruple about shooting his challenger; that it was not a common duel, but a case of self-preservation, and that one or the other must fall. The signal was given, and, as Mr. J. Haldane raised his pistol, with strange inconsistency he breathed the secret prayer—'Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit;' thus verifying the observation of Tertullian, that in moments of imminent danger men involuntarily call upon God, acknowledging his presence and his providence, even when they seem practically to forget his existence and trample on his laws. With this prayer in his heart, and, as Admiral Campbell testified, with his eye fixed on his antagonist, without a symptom of trepidation, he calmly drew the trigger, when his pistol burst, the contents flying upwards and a fragment of the barrel inflicting a wound on his face. The other pistol missed fire, and the challenger immediately intimated, through his second, that he was so well satisfied with the honourable conduct of Mr. Haldane, that he was willing that the affair should terminate. This message was accepted as sufficient. Bowing to each other, they parted with civility, but, as might be anticipated, without reconciliation. To such matters he scarcely ever alluded, but the facts were known to his brother, and by him repeated not long before his death."

A great change, however, passed over Mr. Haldane—that which scripture has declared to be necessary for all who would enter the kingdom of heaven. He was regenerated by the Holy Spirit, led to repent of his sins, to rely wholly on the merits of Christ for salvation, and to consecrate all his powers and possessions to his service. Having quitted the naval service, and devoted himself to the work of the ministry, he was not ashamed, on the following remarkable occasion, boldly to rebuke the sin into which he had himself been betrayed. The narrative of his biographer proceeds as follows:—

"Early in the spring of 1804, Mr. James Haldane preached a remarkable sermon on the death of Thomas Pitt, second Baron Camelford, who was mortally wounded in a duel by Captain Best, and died in great agony four days afterwards. This fatal catastrophe had produced an extraordinary public sensation, more especially following as it did on another duel, in which Colonel Montgomery, not many months before, fell by the hand of Captain Macnamara, in a wretched quarrel about their dogs. These events were calculated to arouse attention to the miserable fruits of the world's code of honour, in submission to which a young nobleman, at the age of twenty-nine, nephew to the great Earl of Chatham, and cousin to the prime minister, had forfeited his own life, extinguished a peerage, and sacrificed a great fortune, which chiefly fell to his sister, the wife of the celebrated Lord Grenville. Lord Camelford was not one of the common run of fashionable men, living upon town. He had fine natural talents. His illustrious uncle had bestowed much pains on his education, and addressed to him a series of letters with a view to his improvement, which have been since published. He had been passionately fond of science, and in many subjects connected with literature was no mean proficient. But in those unhappy days, when duelling was reckoned a mark of

spirit, he had acquired in the navy and in the world of fashion, the reputation of a first-rate shot. He had provoked and been concerned in many duels, and on one occasion, where the death of a superior officer in the West Indies had left some doubt as to the seniority of the next in succession, he brought the matter to an issue by giving certain orders to his rival, a Lieutenant Peterson, on disobedience of which he shot him dead on the sea-beach, although at the head of an armed boat's crew, ready to uphold their commander. For this rash act he was tried by a court-martial; but being found in the right as to his seniority, and consequent title to give the order, he was honourably acquitted.

"The notoriety thus acquired was not diminished by the fact that he had returned Mr. Horne Tooke to Parliament for his pocket borough, and threatened to substitute his own black servant in case of his nominee being declared by the House of Commons disqualified as a clergyman. Lord Camelford and Mr. Best were both in the navy, and intimate friends; but they had at the time a bet of 200*l.* depending, as to which was the better shot. The meeting took place through the instigation of an abandoned woman, then under the protection of Lord Camelford, who falsely accused her former protector, Mr. Best, of having spoken disrespectfully of his lordship. This greatly incensed the irascible peer, who went up to Mr. Best at the Prince of Wales Hotel, in Conduit-street, where they usually dined, and after some altercation, pronounced him 'a scoundrel, a liar, and a ruffian.' Mr. Best observed that these were expressions which admitted but of one answer, and a meeting was arranged for the next morning. But in the course of the evening he conveyed to Lord Camelford the assurance, that the information on which his lordship spoke was unfounded, and that a retraction of the words used under a wrong impression would be perfectly satisfactory. They again met in the morning at a coffee-house in Oxford-street, and once more Mr. Best pleaded for reconciliation, adding, 'Do not persist in expressions under which one of us must fall.' At this very moment Lord Camelford knew that he had been imposed on, and had written a declaration on his will that he was the 'aggressor in the spirit as well as letter of the word.' But false pride would not allow the haughty peer to listen to a remonstrance, which might impeach his courage, and he replied: 'Best, this is child's play; the affair must go on.' On proceeding to the ground behind Holland-house, he reiterated to his second, the Hon. W. Devereux, the statement he had appended to his will; but said that he was fearful that his reputation would suffer, if he made any concession to one whom he rather thought was the best shot in England. They were placed at fifteen paces from each other, fired together, and Lord Camelford fell, to all appearance dead. In an instant he recovered the shock, so far as to exclaim, 'I am killed, but I acquit Best: I alone am to blame.' Captain Best and his second instantly rode off; and Lord Camelford's friend, on pretence of going for a surgeon, did the same as soon as a countryman came up, who found his lordship lying on his back, in the lower part of a field overflowed with water. His lordship was unwilling to be

moved, but was at last placed in a chair and conveyed to Little Holland-house, where he lingered in great pain till the following Saturday, and then died. The ball had penetrated his right breast, passing through the lungs, and lodging in the backbone. He sent for his solicitor, and made a codicil to his will, in which he stated, that although most people desire that their remains might be conveyed to their native land to be interred, 'I wish my body to be removed, as soon as may be convenient, to a country far distant, to a spot not near the haunts of men, but where the surrounding scenery may smile upon my remains.' The place he chose was on the borders of the Lake of St. Lempriere, in the Canton of Berne, where three trees stood on a particular spot. The centre tree he desired to be taken up, and his body being there deposited, to be replanted. He added, 'Let no monument or stone be placed on my grave.' At the foot of this tree, his lordship said he had passed many hours, meditating on the mutability of human affairs. He left 1000*l.* as compensation to the proprietors."

A pamphlet having been published by a clergyman, giving a very unscriptural view of Lord Camelford's character, Mr. Haldane felt it his duty to expose its pernicious statements from his pulpit.

"Of the multitude that thronged to hear that sermon there are now comparatively few survivors. Some have lately departed, and amongst these the venerable Christopher Anderson. In reference to this sermon, he wrote, not long before his own death: 'It was understood that Mr. James Haldane meant to examine and expose this melancholy affair. Familiar as he had been for years with sea life, and once himself under tyranny of these miserable 'laws of honour,' there was no man better qualified. The fear of God was now his governing principle, yet it required no common fortitude to meet such a case before such an audience.'

"The spacious building in which he preached, then capable of seating more than 3000 persons, was crowded to the doors. It was at the time of the threatened invasion, when the whole nation resounded with the clang of arms, and the most peaceful civilians were often arrayed in military costume. When he entered, there rose before him, not only the usual congregation, but officers in full uniform from Piershill barracks and the Castle—cavalry, infantry, artillery, and volunteers, officers on Lord Moira's staff, magistrates, men of letters and philosophers, men of business and retired gentlemen—all assembled to hear what was to be said in reprobation of duelling, and of the account circulating in print, from the pen of the Rev. Fellow of St. John's, Cambridge, who attended the death-bed of Lord Camelford."

Then follows a description of the sermon, for which we must refer the reader to the biography itself. Throughout its delivery, we are told, the immense audience was still, awed by his earnest manner and thrilling language.

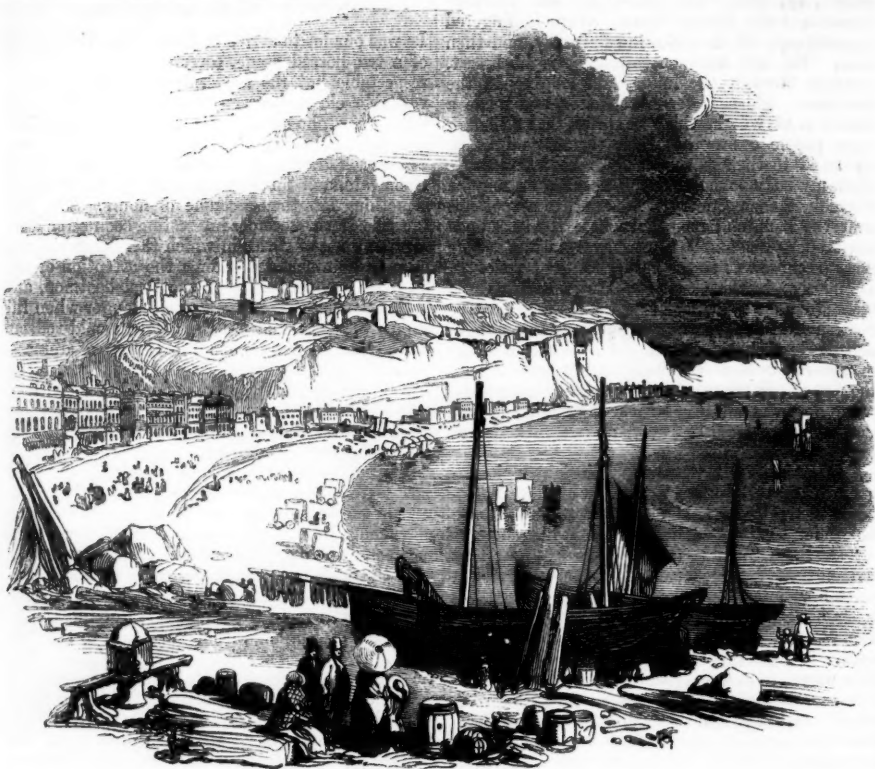
**THINGS WORTH REMEMBERING.**—If we forget God when we are young, he may forget us when we are old.—If we expect to live with Christ in heaven, we must live with him on earth.—Christ satisfied the law of God to the uttermost, and therefore can save those who believe in him to the uttermost.

### A FEW DAYS AT DOVER.

It was our lot to arrive at Dover upon the outside of a two-horsed stage, carrying a very civil and respectable but too modernized coachman, and a veritable old mail-coach horn, upon which, wanting a guard, he occasionally blew a twanging blast, to apprise intending travellers of his whereabouts. This coach awaits the evening railway train from Ramsgate, and forwards passengers to Dover in something less than a couple of hours. The ride towards Dover becomes interesting soon after leaving the town of Deal, in which there does not appear to be much demanding the attention of the traveller. The exploits of the Deal boatmen, and their heroic daring in the hour of danger when life is only to be saved at the risk of life, would redeem their town, however, from the charge of dullness, were it outwardly as dull as the Dead Sea. The truest heroism of all is that which dares death to save life; and over many a true hero, who has perished in thus daring, waves the green grass in the burial-grounds of Deal.

We had long passed Walmer Castle, the fortified seat of the Duke of Wellington, and had left several snug villages behind us, when, as the shadows of evening were beginning to descend, the grand outline of the old Castle caught our eye, and soon after the noble and picturesque valley at whose outlet towards the sea the old town is situated, opened upon our view. In the whole range of the southern coast of England, from Yarmouth to the Isle of Wight, there is nothing at all, in point of artistic beauty, comparable to this really magnificent valley, at the bottom of which the little river Dour works its industrious way, supplying motive power to corn, oil, and paper mills. On descending the Castle-hill, the villages of Charlton and Buckland are seen joining to Dover, and stretching away on the right, the houses half embowered in foliage, with here and there a patch of blue sky reflected in the river below; while in front, in bold and massive grandeur, rise the opposite heights, clothed with richest verdure to the summit, and which suddenly terminate on the left in lofty and precipitous cliffs of threatening aspect, overshadowing the town.

It is at the end of this beautiful valley, as we have already hinted, which seems to open its arms to welcome the sea, that the venerable town of Dover is situated. Taking its name from the *Dour*, or *Dour*, which runs through it, it is a place old as the annals of our country, and rich in historical associations perhaps beyond any other place of equal size in the kingdom. It would occupy more than the entire space allotted to this paper, barely to recount the numerous matters of interest which crowd upon the memory in connexion with Dover, from the time when the fighting and scribbling Julius, at the head of his favorite Tenth Legion, declined to attempt a landing in the face of British spears, and sheered off seven miles to the eastward ere he was able to set his foot on British ground—down to the last visit of the Duke of Wellington, who also is a fighter and a writer, and like the old Roman, is invariably welcomed with warlike demonstrations, though in a different spirit. Enough to say that Dover was a place of importance long before the Conquest, though it is



DOVER CLIFFS AND CASTLE.

not often mentioned by our early historians, from the fact that Richborough (the ancient *Rutupia*) was the more usual port in landing from France. So far back as the year 1048, we have evidence of the spirit and independence of the townsmen of Dover, who, refusing to submit to the *droit de gîte* insisted upon by Eustache, count of Boulogne, drew upon themselves the animosity of that feudal baron, who attacked and slew them in their houses; an outrage which they returned in kind, killing a number of his followers and compelling him to seek safety in flight. The quarrel was renewed four years after, upon the return of Eustache, when earl Godwin took the part of the townsmen, Eustache and his men running away towards Gloucester. It is more than probable that the Doverians were thus bold in making head against a marauding baron, in consequence of the possession of certain immunities which, as we learn from the Domesday Survey, they had purchased from Edward the Confessor, at the cost of serving him for fifteen days in the year, with twenty ships. We believe that this is the earliest instance upon record, of a town virtually claiming a most important municipal privilege, and defending it by force.

But we must jump over centuries, and come down to later times, or the editor will be at us with his inexorable scissors. It will be remembered that the besotted and unfortunate Charles I re-

ceived his wife, the princess Henrietta of France, in the royal apartments of Dover Castle, which he fitted up in a style of magnificence for the occasion. And it may be remembered, too, that eighteen years after, the same king and queen, no longer begirt by admiring crowds, but friendless, solitary, and forsaken, driven from their throne and bereft of their revenues, met again upon the same spot to take a mournful and final separation from each other. Again, after another eighteen years, and Charles II, restored to the throne of his fathers, lands at Dover, amid the acclamations of the multitude and the roar of artillery. Twenty-eight years after that, and the Prince of Orange is at anchor in the bay of Dover, with an army and a fleet of more than 500 ships and transports, to deliver this country from the fangs of popery and the tyranny of despotism. He cast anchor off Dover, on the 3rd of November, and weighed for the western coast on the following day. To the success of that manful expedition, in all probability, we owe to the present hour our protestant liberties. We cannot, however, further indulge in these retrospections—our present business is with Dover as it exists at the present moment; and being at length snugly housed in the George Hotel, we must proceed to look about us and see what is to be seen.

We take an evening ramble through the streets and along the beach, after an absence of more

than a quarter of a century, and make the discovery that the place has almost grown out of all knowledge, and nearly doubled in size during these years. Piles of noble residences, of a class to which it had no pretensions five and twenty years ago, have risen up as if by enchantment, and taken their stand under the shadow of the Castle cliffs, upon the margin of the sea. A rookery of narrow wynds and mean buildings, which formerly half blocked up the access to the town from the London-road, has been cleared away; and a broad area, with handsome shops and a convenient space for marketing, occupies their place. The harbour has been new-modelled and enlarged, and sea-side promenades have been built, giving a new aspect to the old town.

But the grand object of interest to all strangers at Dover is the famous national bulwark, the Castle; and towards the Castle accordingly we bend our steps the morning after our arrival, being first furnished with an order from the commandant, giving us the privilege of admission to the keep, and with a most intelligent guide, in the shape of Batcheller's Hand-Book, in our pocket—by far the best thing of the kind, by the way, which we have met with in our perambulations round the southern coast.

The ascent of the Castle-hill is a rather wearisome task, especially under the burning rays of a summer sun. Upon landing at the top of a flight of steps, something more than halfway to the summit, the ears of the visitor are assailed by the pertinacious tinkling of a small bell, which directs his attention to an inscription soliciting contributions on behalf of the poor debtors confined in prison. Here the traveller, while he pauses to regain breath, has an opportunity of exercising his charity if he choose; after which he can pass on, under the eyes of sentinels at their posts, through many broad, trim, winding, and shingle-paved avenues, until he enters the courtyard of the Castle, and stands in presence of the keep, the massy square edifice which contains the principal objects of his curiosity. This huge erection, of about 120 feet square, is nearly 100 feet in height, and 468 feet above the level of the sea. It was built by Henry II, on the supposed site of the Roman prætorium. The keep is surrounded by rather dingy-looking buildings, apparently occupied as barracks, in one of which a most outrageous din was going forward, occasioned by some inexperienced tyros in the art of drumming, who were practising the tattoo with closed doors. Producing our commandant's order for admission, we were made over to a civil cicerone, who incorporated us with a party of expecting visitants. We were first introduced to the Royal chapel, which in spite of very serious and we should imagine preventible dilapidations, yet exhibits some beautiful specimens of Norman architecture. It was, however, far more interesting to us in its aspect of a prison than of a place of worship. A prison it most resembles, and a prison it was in the reign of queen Anne, when numbers of unfortunate Frenchmen were here incarcerated. Who shall tell the miseries of confinement for long years in such a place, built in with walls from twenty to forty feet thick, and shut out from the fair light of day, which even now, in the height of summer, can barely penetrate these

gloomy abodes? Of the manner in which these poor fellows employed their time, there yet remains many a melancholy memorial. Hundreds of them have carved their names in the solid granite, some of them with an industrious perseverance that must have engaged them for weeks in the operation. "François Amyott, 1709;" "Jean Moulin, 1708;" such are the inscriptions, as legible now as at the moment when they were finished nearly a century and a half ago. One wants to know what became of poor Frank and Jack, and their unhappy companions, and we look round and ask ourselves the question, Did they ever escape? and the reply is—stone walls, iron doors, meagre fare, and weapons of war.

Returning from the chapel, we enter on the ground-floor, and ascend the grand staircase which leads to the royal apartments. The guide informs us that it was upon this staircase that Charles I caught the first view of the wife he was that day to marry, as she came forward to meet him upon his arrival. At present it has a desolate and old barn-like look, with its heavy craggy walls smeared with whitewash, and festooned with cobwebs; and it is further difficult to imagine what the royal apartments could have been, other than a very sombre kind of prison, even with all the aids of hangings, furniture, and gilding. From the royal apartments we are led up-stairs and down, through dark rooms and dusty corridors, stored with barrack furniture and military stock, until we are suddenly called to a halt in a dusky chamber formed in the solid wall, to group ourselves round the orifice of the famous well which the duke of Normandy required Harold to deliver up to him on the death of king Edward. As the tower we are in was built eighty-seven years after the death of Harold, it must have inclosed the well—a fact which would seem to endorse the supposition, that the keep stands on the site of the old Roman prætorium. The guide makes a sign for us to be silent, and producing a few pebbles, ceremoniously drops one into the well. We pause breathlessly, expecting to hear it strike the bottom; we hear nothing for some time, and are just on the point of denouncing the thing as a hoax, when—"click!" the stone strikes the bottom with a sound as audible as though it touched the ground at our feet. We all look for a second experiment, with which we are indulged to our perfect satisfaction. The guide informs us that the descent of the pebble occupies exactly seven seconds. If he had said seven minutes, we should almost have believed him—so much does expectation lengthen time. The depth of the well at present is 293 feet, but it was originally nearly 100 feet deeper; the difference is owing to its having been made the receptacle of rubbish by the French prisoners, who were probably but too glad of such a convenience for getting rid of the nuisances incidental to a condition of wretched durance.

From the well of Harold, through galleries and flights of stairs in the solid walls, we are led at length to the armoury, where tens of thousands of muskets, pistols, carbines, and edged tools of a very uncomfortable description, are ranged in stands and upon the walls, in artistic order. We learn that tens of thousands more are in process of manufacture, and will soon be stored away with

those around us, the possibility of a use for them at no distant day being thus plainly recognised by the governing powers. Hence the guide leads us to a window, overlooking the town of Dover and the surrounding landscape. We are standing upon the highest point of view possibly attainable, and we actually look over the head of Shakspeare's Cliff, and discern the sea rising in perspective above it, on the distant horizon. Descending now the wilderness of rugged stairs, we are shown into an apartment stacked with grim-looking pikes, the identical weapons which, fifty years ago, were put by the Government into the hands of the men of Kent, to enable them to present a bristling welcome to the army of Frenchmen then at Boulogne waiting the fiat which was to despatch them on an invading expedition to England. They would come again into circulation, if circumstances should demand their issue. Much more of warlike machinery and of the material of death we saw—shells, and mortars for projecting them; delicious bunches of grape-shot, and ammunition of all sorts—and then we were glad enough to emerge once more into the free air and dazzling sunlight of day, and to exchange for the appliances of bloodshed and destruction, the peaceful sighing of the south wind and the twittering of summer birds.

The keep, which one would think sufficiently protected by its lofty situation and the enormous thickness of its walls, is surmounted by bomb-proof arches, and in case of need can mount guns of 68 lbs. calibre upon its battlements. Besides the keep, there are several smaller towers well worthy of examination; but we must not pause to describe them. In one (Constable's Tower) the Duke and Duchess of Clarence resided during a part of the year 1817. Leaving the castle-yard and pursuing our way towards the edge of the cliff, we come upon a palisaded inclosure filled with stacks of cannon-balls of various sizes, from 120 pounders downwards; and a little further on stands queen Elizabeth's Pocket-piece, an elegant piece of brass ordnance twenty-four feet in length, which is said to have been capable of propelling a ball to the distance of seven miles. It was cast at Utrecht, by James Tolkins, in 1544, and was presented to the queen by the States of Holland. It is perhaps the handsomest thing of its kind in existence, being richly adorned with appropriate devices, and extremely graceful in design. On the breech are some lines in Dutch, which have been thus translated—

"O'er hill and dale I throw my ball,  
And batter down both mound and wall."

Since the time when we last saw it, it has been mounted upon an elegant carriage, said to be the gift of the Duke of Wellington.

Descending the Castle-hill at a much more rapid pace than we went up, we turn our face towards the Heights and Batteries, a grand military position formed at a vast expense in the beginning of the present century while the war was raging. The Heights are reached through a perpendicular shaft situate near the western end of Snargate-street. Three spiral staircases wind round the shaft, and an ascent of nearly 200 steps brings us to the barrack-yard. Here we enter upon a sort of soldiers' town; brown barracks, red coats, and green grass, are all that is to be seen in one direc-

tion. A squad of recruits are submitting to the process of drill, and the drill-sergeant storms and roars as though he were in a towering rage, though all the while he is inwardly cool as a cucumber, as you can see plainly enough by his good-natured face. At length he has done with them for the day, and off runs every man Jack of them to boil his kettle or pipe-clay his harness. We cross the barrack-yard and ascend the hill behind towards the Redoubt, from which we have had a distinct recollection, ever since we were suddenly shaken out of bed in the days of boyhood, that the salutes are fired in honour of the arrival or departure of certain great personages. There is no admission, however, to the Redoubt; a deep ditch bars the way, and we can go no farther. South-west of the Redoubt stands the Citadel, also defended by deep ditches and numerous masked batteries. Every point of vantage in all directions is capped with cannon; and a stranger feels like a spy in an enemy's country, as he wanders about among these half-concealed and suspicious-looking demonstrations of mischief. Every part of these extensive fortifications is connected with every other by subterranean excavations which are said to be sufficiently capacious to inclose an army. Besides the works on the Heights there is Archcliff Fort, lying west of the town; Moat's Bulwark, situated under the Castle-cliffs; and Guilford Battery adjoining it. Three other batteries, which were erected during the wars against American independence, have since been demolished. Thus much, and too much, of the warlike aspect of Dover. Let us now turn our attention to the peaceful doings of later years.

It is plain that from various causes the popularity of Dover as a place of marine residence has wonderfully increased. The growth of almost a new town in the neighbourhood of the Castle-cliffs, and the decided and necessarily expensive improvements in the old town, are sufficient evidence of this, to say nothing of the erection of new public buildings, and the costly renewal of old ones. The harbour of Dover has, however, been a constant source of disquiet, as well to the country at large as to the townsmen, for many centuries. Since the days of Julius Cæsar to the present time, it has been nothing better than a make-shift, in spite of the immense sums of money and sacrifices of property which have been lavished to sustain it in a state of questionable efficiency. It has been ever plagued with a shifting bar of shingle, which choked up its mouth and debarred its access most at the very periods when it was most wanted, that is, in times of storm and tempest. Thousands of lives have been lost, and millions of property have been engulfed in the sea, which might have been saved had Dover Harbour been accessible at all times of the tide. The attempts on the part of the townsmen to remedy this evil have been most persevering and praiseworthy; and by means of sluices for the sudden out-rush of pent-up water, the channel has been kept as clean as possible, the shingle being thus swept away. The imperative need, however, for a large harbour for vessels navigating this coast, at length induced the Admiralty to fix upon this bay as the site of a Harbour of Refuge, which is to inclose a space of 700 acres in extent by a wall of more than two miles in length,

securing a depth of from thirty to forty feet at the lowest tides. This stupendous undertaking was commenced in April, 1848, by the Messrs. Lee, who undertook the first contract. We visited the works on the second morning after our arrival. The wind was blowing fresh, and a heavy sea was dashing in; but the solid structure of the truly Titanic masonry is such as to bid defiance to the action of the waves. The outer surface of this massive sea-wall, which is ninety feet wide at the bottom, and fifty at the top, is fashioned of solid blocks of granite scrupulously wrought to shape, each of several tons' weight, and adjusted without cement. The central mass is filled up with artificial stone of mingled cement and shingle, cast in moulds of exact shape, and hard as any millstone. The works are going on daily; about 100 men are employed; but from the arduous nature of the undertaking, the progress is necessarily so slow that few of the inhabitants with whom we conversed expected to live to witness its completion. The work has mainly to be carried on under water, in diving-bells; we saw them suspended with the workmen in them at our first visit. We questioned a labourer on his liking for submarine employment. He had no objection to it, he said; "he could see very well what he was about; when the sun shone, it was as light down there as it is up here on a cloudy day. It wasn't as good breathing—not near. They pumped him down plenty of air to breathe—never any beer to drink. They didn't know whether the wind blew hard or soft when they were down there. He stayed there four hours sometimes—sometimes three. He didn't think he was any the worse for it." It appeared to us that, of the 800 feet of the present contract, at least 700 must be finished; but the workman calculated that it would take three years longer to finish the contract. "When the whole would be done he couldn't pretend to say—in fifty years, perhaps." It is to be hoped that the new Parliament will be a little more liberal in voting money for a work so essential to the public welfare. It is, after all, a question of money rather than of time. Dover already derives some advantages from this gigantic undertaking. Packets can now disembark their passengers independent of the state of the tide. The Ramsgate boat runs to and fro daily, and steamers from various ports avail themselves of the new landing-places presented by the new sea-wall. Further, the very partial completion of the new works has stopped the accumulation of shingle at the mouth of the old harbour and rendered the old contrivances for its removal no longer necessary. On the other hand, it has diverted the action of the sea, which is now making inroads upon the beach further to the east, and has compelled the owners of noble residences recently built to construct a solid bulwark of stone in defence of their property—a work which would be needless were the harbour of refuge completed.

Close to the new harbour works stands the station of the South-eastern railway, which terminates here; and westward, at the distance of some half mile, rises Shakespeare's Cliff, now very different indeed from what it must have been in the days of that poet—it having lost much in height and perpendicularity, from the frosts and tempests of

between two and three centuries. It is still, however, a sublime and imposing object, and though, as we have seen, not so high as the hill upon which the Castle stands, it derives a grandeur from its isolation which the other wants. The railway, which here follows the margin of the sea, pierces its huge bulk, in a tunnel above three-quarters of a mile in length.

As might be expected, there are various objects interesting to the archaeologist, to be met with in this ancient town and neighbourhood. First, in point of antiquity, are the ruins of the church of St. Martin-le-Grand, which are yet to be seen on the western side of the market-place. This church was built by Widrid, king of Kent, about the year 700, and was used for service down to 1546. St. Mary's Church, in Cannon-street, probably dates from the time of the Saxons. It has undergone various alterations, and was enlarged in 1844 to meet the requirements of the parishioners. The tower, however, still retains much of its primitive beauty and singularity. St. James's Church, in St. James's-street, to all appearance an erection of the Normans, is a curious quaint little edifice with a dumpy broad square tower, such as artists delight to paint embowered in trees in some secluded dell. The remains of the Priory of St. Martin, consisting now of little more than an ancient gateway, are an object familiar to the lovers of the picturesque, through the medium of numerous engravings. We remember the ruins of the Priory as standing in the fields near Dover, and inclosed by a wall, but that has been lately removed and the ground built upon. Perhaps the most characteristic memorial of the monastic ages that Dover can boast of is the Maison Dieu, which is now used as a town-hall. This chaste and severely simple structure was erected by Hubert de Burgh, in the reign of king John, and was designed for the accommodation of pilgrims. It once possessed ample revenues, which no doubt decided its fate at the dissolution of religious houses under Henry VIII. It was suppressed in 1534, and was afterwards used as a victualling department of the royal navy. The corporation had the good sense to purchase the premises of Government, and have converted them into a prison, town-hall, and sessions house—thus securing the permanent sustentation of the edifice. There are several other churches in the town, and chapels of all denominations, which we have not space to notice. The traveller will find, too, a prodigious number of hotels and houses of entertainment of all grades, indicating provision for a much larger amount of travelling traffic than appears at present to prevail. There is no doubt that the recent rise of Folkestone, and its adoption as the port of departure for France, has in no small degree injured the commercial prosperity of Dover, and the hotel-keepers in particular must have suffered.

Folkestone lies about six miles to the west of the Castle, and a disagreeable ride of a quarter of an hour, though pitch-dark tunnels and ragged ravines, brings us within a few minutes' walk of the rising town. There is nothing particularly attractive in the aspect of the place, the interest of which is centred round the harbour, where a steam packet lies awaiting the next train which

is to bring passengers for France. In spite of a grand hotel, and a number of new buildings of a rather more pretentious appearance than the old ones, there is an air of forlorn solitariness about the town, and a dismal species of tranquillity quite alien from one's notions of comfort and ease. The coast wears a desolate and hungry look—no lofty cliffs, no umbrageous foliage, no available promenade, and, above all, no beach for loitering or bathing. These are disadvantages not speedily to be overcome; and though Folkestone is useful as a trajectory station on the route to the continent, there is little prospect of its becoming the chosen residence of the summer idler or the health-seeking invalid. There is an interest attached to it, however, as the birth-place of Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood. He died in 1658, leaving his paternal estate for the support of an institution which he had founded in the town, and in which a yearly oration, now called the Harveian, is we believe yet delivered.

In the immediate neighbourhood of Dover there are many picturesque little villages and places of interest, lying within the distance of a morning's walk. About three miles westward on the high grounds are the remains of St. Radigund's Abbey, once a place of considerable importance, now a romantic and ivy-clad ruin. It was founded about the year 1190. In the reign of Edward I its abbots were summoned to Parliament, and king Edward II visited it in 1319. It succumbed to the general doom under the reign of the wife-killing Henry.

Above three miles to the east of Dover lies the romantic and secluded little village of St. Margaret, to which the visitor can approach either by boat, by an up and down hill walk, or by an easy drive. The church in this village is a rare and curious specimen of Anglo-Norman architecture, adorned with many grotesque figures and richly-wrought stone carvings. St. Margaret's is the very place of all others for undisturbed seclusion from the busy world and for solitary communings with nature.

It is but a pleasant morning drive to the extensive range of Barham Downs, the battle-ground of numberless ancient conflicts, and the race-course of modern days. From these downs may be seen the tower of Bishopbourne church, where rest the ashes of the learned Hooker, the author of the Ecclesiastical Polity, of whose writings Pope Clement VIII observed: "There is in them the seeds of eternity, and they shall continue till the last fire devours all learning."

Lastly—for our space will not allow us to extend our catalogue—a pleasant drive of fifteen miles will carry the modern pilgrim to Canterbury, where he may visit the shrine of Thomas à Becket, who has been the subject of so much laudation and vituperation. The old city of Canterbury will afford matter for repeated visits; the cathedral alone being well worthy of a long and deliberate examination. Here lie Henry IV and Edward the Black Prince; and here, under the shadow of its lofty towers, are congregated a thousand objects of interest, concerning which the visitor will do well to inquire of the guides, easily obtainable on the spot, either dumb in stiff covers, or talkative in shabby broadcloth.

We have said nothing hitherto of what constitutes the principal charm, in our eyes, of a temporary sojourn at Dover; but it must not pass without recognition. We allude to the grand, varied, and picturesque scenery of the town and neighbourhood. The view of the Castle and the broad mass of sloping verdure upon which it has frowned for so many centuries, when seen from the pier and from many parts of the harbour, forms one of the finest subjects for the pencil to be met with on the whole coast. Its constant repetition on the walls of the Royal Academy shows the estimation in which it is held by the artist. The unusual aspect of the town itself, over which in some parts the chalky crags seem toppling ready to fall, strikes a stranger with a pleasing kind of dread. The boundless view to be obtained from the heights above the town, from whence the spires of Calais and the whole line of French coast from thence to Boulogne are distinctly visible, with the countless vessels ever passing and repassing—the long line of coast partly seen, partly suggested by rising towers and signals—the busy reeking town below, from which rises the stilly hum of occupation and traffic—altogether make up a panorama of surpassing beauty and interest, not likely soon to be obliterated from the memory. Then there is the pleasant valley of the Dour, with its mills, meadows, and villages below, and the grim Castle above, keeping watch and ward over the country's weal. These views are endless in variety, ever changing with a change of place, and each revealing some new charm undiscovered before. Perhaps it is to the possession of these advantages, as much as to any other cause, that, among a people who have for years past been growing daily more alive to the perception of natural beauties, the ancient town of Dover owes its recent prosperity.

## REMARKABLE BOYS.

TRUMAN HENRY SAFFORD.

TRUMAN HENRY SAFFORD was born in the United States of North America, at Royalton, Windsor county, Vermont, on the 6th of January, 1836. Both his parents were persons of more than ordinary intelligence, and had been engaged in teaching during some portion of their lives. His father excelled in mathematics. Little Henry Safford was so delicate the first year of his life, that it was never expected that he could live. He began to talk at an unusually early age, and his questions were such as to excite the wonder and admiration of all who heard them. When three years old, the mathematical bias of his mind was first exhibited; but it was not strikingly developed until he was six. At this time he one day observed to his mother, that if he knew how many rods it was round his father's large meadow, he could tell the measure in barleycorns. When his father came in, she mentioned it to him; and he, knowing the dimensions of the field, told the boy it was 1040 rods; the lad, after a few minutes, gave 617,760 as the distance in barleycorns. And this was done by mental calculation, without any slate or pencil. Before he was eight years old, he read some books on algebra and geometry, and soon became acquainted with their principles, evincing

that he possessed not only great ability in mental arithmetic, but also the "higher power of comprehending and solving abstruse and difficult questions in the various branches of the mathematics." Nor did he make these extraordinary advancements in knowledge without any effort on his own part, as some wonderful children are said to have done; but it was remarked that he evidently progressed rapidly through study, and lost in proportion as he neglected it.

His temperament was ever of the nervous and excitable kind. On his recovery from a serious attack of typhus fever, while still in a very delicate state of health, he entreated his mother to reach him Day's "Algebra" and his slate. The book was given him, as it was thought better to indulge his fancy than irritate him by a refusal. He immediately commenced making a long statement which extended nearly across the state; but before he could finish it, his little hand failed, his pencil dropped, and, giving up in despair, he burst into tears, and wept long and bitterly.

In 1844 and the following year, he applied himself to hard study. He worked at "Hutton's Mathematics," and the "Cambridge Mathematics," and paid some attention to chemistry. He was often very restless at night, through the over-excitement of the intellectual system. In personal appearance he was pale, slight, and delicate, with a countenance indicative of intelligence. When seven years of age, he was taken to Hanover, where he beheld, for the first time, an extensive library and collection of mathematical instruments. With these he was delighted, and this visit gave a fresh impulse to his mental activity. He was here introduced to many eminent men of science, all of whom were astonished at the high development of his reasoning powers. When about nine and a half, he calculated the calendars of four different almanacs. Two editions of the one for Cincinnati were sold immediately; one consisting of 7,000 copies, and the second of 17,000. While this work was in progress, the Rev. H. W. Adams wrote of him:—"Not satisfied with the old circuitous processes of demonstration, and impatient of delay, young Safford is constantly evolving new rules for abridging his work. He has found a new rule by which to calculate eclipses, hitherto unknown, as far as I know, to any mathematician. He told me it would shorten the work nearly one-third. When finding this rule, for two or three days he seemed to be in a sort of trance. One morning early, he came rushing down-stairs, not stopping to dress himself, poured on to his slate a stream of figures, and soon cried out in the wildness of his joy: 'Oh, father, I have got it—I have got it! It comes—it comes!'"

As we before observed, young Safford's nervous system was exquisitely sensitive, and his daily abstraction and nightly sleeplessness testified to the too severely tasked energies of his mind. Knowledge is a very delightful thing, a great power truly for good or evil. And the intellectual faculties ought, undoubtedly, to be cultivated to the very highest degree of which they are capable. But when in early life mental exercise is stimulated unduly, to the neglect of bodily health, then the object in view is most often defeated, and the precocious child either dies, or degenerates into an

adult of quite ordinary attainments. Now, this should be carefully guarded against. Too long study hours are hurtful; continued intense application to any one subject, without change, is injurious; besides, it should be remembered, that knowledge is not to be gained from books alone. There is much to be learned from communion with God's works in the open fields, and from intercourse with men. And by thus varying the means of mental improvement, much more can be done, and far higher advancement will be made, than by pursuing the opposite plan. The student should wander forth at times amid the pleasant woodlands, and breathe the free pure air of heaven, and listen to the cheerful singing-birds, and to the music of the murmuring waters. Reflecting upon the power and beneficence of the great Creator as displayed in these his works, the spirit should overflow with gratitude and love; all peaceful and ennobling influences should descend upon the soul, and the student should return to his books and papers with more hearty enthusiasm than ever, and with powers expanded and invigorated for future efforts.

Let us not be misunderstood. We are no advocates for idleness in any form. We would not substitute dreaming beneath the lindens, and listening to the brook-ripple, for true earnest work. Labour is not only a necessity, but a privilege. But a judicious course of study is one thing, and an overstraining of the faculties until they are fit for nothing is another. The truly wise is he who embraces every opportunity of acquiring knowledge; who learns lessons of wisdom alike in the silence of his lonely chamber, and amid the "overflowing solitudes" of mountain, and forest, and meadow; from the sweet lily of the valley and the calm majestic night, with "her crown of old magnificence;" from the wandering zephyr and the rejoicing birds amid the summer boughs.

From all we can learn of Master Safford, we should presume that the demands made upon his mind were by far too great, and that he often underwent vigorous examination with regard to difficult questions in the higher branches of algebra, when he would have been better employed in playing at cricket or driving a hoop. Once, while in the course of being examined by a clever mathematician, it was asked:—"A man and his wife usually draw out a cask of beer in twelve days; but when the man was from home, it lasted the woman thirty days. How many days would the man alone be drinking it?" He gave the answer instantly—"Twenty days."

Again: "Two persons, A and B, departed from different places at the same time, and travelled towards each other. On meeting, it appeared that A had travelled 18 miles more than B, and that A could have gone B's journey in 15½ days, but B would have been 28 days in performing A's journey. How far did each travel?" In about a minute, Safford replied:—"A travelled 72 miles; B, 54; didn't they?"

After having answered a number of questions of this description, and others more abstruse, "the boy looked pale and said he was tired." While undergoing these interrogations, he was never still an instant, but would wander about from chair to chair, and play with anything within his reach.

The following interesting account of him is given by Mr. Adams:—"But young Safford's strength does not lie wholly in the mathematics. He has a sort of mental absorption. His infant mind drinks in knowledge as the sponge does water. Chemistry, botany, philosophy, geography, and history, are his sport. It does not make much difference what question you ask him, he answers very readily. I spoke to him of some of the recent discoveries in chemistry. He understood them. I spoke to him of the solidification of carbonic acid gas, by Professor Johnstone of the Wesleyan University. He said he understood it. Here his eyes flashed fire, and he began to explain the process. His memory, too, is very retentive. He has pored over 'Gregory's Dictionary of the Arts and Sciences' so much, that I seriously doubt whether there can be a question asked him, drawn from either of those immense volumes, that he will not answer instantly. I asked to see his mathematical works. He sprang into his study, and produced me Greenleaf's Arithmetic, Perkins's Algebra, Playfair's Euclid, Pike's Arithmetic, Davies's Algebra, Hutton's Mathematics, Flint's Surveying, Gummere's Astronomy, etc. I asked him if he had mastered them all. He replied that he had; and an examination of him, for the space of three hours, convinced me that he had, and not only so, but that he had far outstripped them. His knowledge is not intuitive. He is a pure and profound reasoner."

When about ten years of age, that is in 1846, Truman Henry Safford was placed under the tuition of Principal Everett and Professor Pierce, on the invitation of the Harvard University. The memoir from which we have selected the facts here adduced was published in the autumn of 1847, and since that time we have not heard anything more of this remarkable boy. If he still lives, he is yet young, and time alone can prove whether he will fulfil the promise of his childhood.

## THE YOUNG ARTIST.

### CHAPTER I.

ON a bright summer's afternoon of 18—, a young man of respectable appearance and prepossessing countenance, though pale, thin, and apparently sickly, made his way from the city, and walked at a rapid pace through Holborn and Oxford-street, carrying a portfolio under his arm. He threaded his way along the crowded pavements like one who had been accustomed to London traffic, looking neither to the right nor the left; and bent seemingly upon reaching his destination, whatever that might be, in the shortest possible space of time. Occasionally, however, he slackened his pace and halted; first, at a print-seller's shop, which detained him several seconds as he stood gazing with the eye of a connoisseur at the engravings exhibited in its window. The second time he stopped was at the establishment of a tea dealer; here he went in, and made a purchase. Again he halted, and hastily entered a somewhat celebrated wine and spirit store, where he ordered a pint bottle of old port, in the quality of which he seemed to be particularly interested; declaring himself indifferent to the price he paid if the article

were but first-rate and genuine. The waiter smiled rather contemptuously at the young man's assertion and his small order; protesting, however, as the purchaser carefully put the small bottle into his coat pocket, that wine of a better vintage or less adulterated than *that*, was not to be bought for any money, in London or elsewhere. For a fourth time, our young friend came to a standstill; and this time it was at a foreign fruit shop. His hand was hastily thrust into his pocket, and his fingers nervously played for a moment with the silk purse from which he had made his previous purchases. It was, by this time, grievously light; but whatever hesitation the young man might have felt, it was but momentary. He entered that shop too, and still further diminished his small stock of silver, by the price of a pound or two of foreign grapes, and a pot of tamarinds. These he carefully secured, then buttoned up his pocket resolutely, and stepped out the rest of his walk as though making up for lost time.

It is a long, at least a tolerably long walk from Cheapside to the farther end of the Edgeware-road, and especially fatiguing on a hot summer's afternoon; but, determinately shutting his eyes and ears to the persuasive eloquence of omnibus conductors, who seemed on that day particularly anxious for a fare to "Edg'r' ro'," our young pedestrian pushed on, now and then wiping his warm but still pallid face, until at length he reached his home. It was a neat dwelling, with no pretensions to gentility, having a small garden in front, circumscribed by painted wooden railings, and containing a few clumps of dust-covered and pining pinks, picotees, pansies, and auriculas, set in a narrow border of black London mould.

"And how is my father now, Mrs. Green?" asked the young man, rather anxiously, of the person who opened the door to him.

"Oh, he has been very comfortable all day," replied the woman, in a rather strong Sussex accent, but in a tone pleasant and musical nevertheless. "But," she continued, as she closed the door, "Master Edward, you are not to call me *Mistress* Green; I never was anything but Hester in the old house, and—"

"Quite right. You shall be Hester still. It is more homely. But I must not stay talking, even to you, Hester. My father will be expecting me."

"Stop a minute, Master Edward," said the woman, taking him gently by the arm; "you don't leave this room till you have told me one thing—have you had any dinner?"

"Yes, Hester," replied the youth.

"But to-day, I mean; have you had anything to eat since you set out from here this morning?"

"Why, yes, I have."

"Well, and what was it? Come, you don't go away till you tell me. I thought so," she continued, as the young man hesitated; "just a biscuit and a glass of water—nasty London muck that they call water. Isn't that it?"

"Well, to tell the truth, Hester, my dinner was not a very hearty one; I hadn't much appetite. But what I had was better than dining with duke Humphrey."

"I don't know anything about your duke Humphreys," replied Hester; "but I know I am not

going to let you starve yourself while you live in this house. Look at your poor pale thin face in the glass, and your hands, how they tremble for very weakness and hunger. This won't do, Master Edward; so, slip upstairs and wash yourself, and then come down here again. You shan't go till you have promised that."

"But indeed, Hester, I do not care to eat; and I must go to my father; I promised to get back soon, and you say he has asked for me."

"I mean what I say, Master Edward. Come, be a good boy," she added in a beseeching tone; "you used always to mind what I said to you, and you must not rebel now. The dear old gentleman is asleep. He doesn't sleep much at night I am afraid, and it is a good thing for him to get these afternoon naps. So you see you must come down here, for fear of disturbing him."

"But I have no right, Hester, to eat up your food, even if I wanted it," said the youth. "I pay you little enough as it is; and it was our agreement—"

"Don't talk to me about agreements," said the woman, peremptorily (by this time, a snow-white diaper covered the table); "you'll make me vexed with you if you do" (a knife and fork were, by this time, laid upon the cloth). "There, do go and get a good wash, and take your boots off first, for fear of waking the old gentleman; here are your slippers, and leave your other things here; what do you want to take that great portfolio away for now? and put down that paper bag; you may as well take that bottle out of your pocket too, Master Edward; as if I didn't know what you had got as well as if I had seen you buy it. Ah! Edward, you can't deceive me, so it's no use to try. There, leave it all here; and I'll take it up when Master wakes. And mind you come down soon, and eat a good hearty dinner. How do you expect to be able to keep your hand steady painting and copper-cutting, when you starve yourself in this way? There, go along;" and she, at last, coaxed the youth to obedience.

"Oh, I do want a good cry so," said Hester to herself, as soon as she was alone. "But I mustn't give way. Only to think of this! my good old master, and Master Edward too! but they shan't want." And with such-like broken exclamations, Hester, or Mrs. Green, wiped her eyes, bustled about, spread her table with a good extempore dinner, and prepared herself to wait on her young lodger.

Without much further explanation, it will have been surmised by the reader that the former relationship of Hester Green with her lodgers was that of an old servant; and that, under some reverse of circumstances, they had found shelter under her roof. This is a very cold way, however, of stating the case, and we must enlarge a little. Some twenty years before the time of which we write, a little girl, perhaps ten years of age, dirty and sickly, sat weeping on the door-step of a cottage near the town of T—, in Sussex. The sun was shining brightly; but the bright warm sunshine threw out in darker colours the miserable and neglected aspect of that particular spot. The cottage windows were broken and stuffed with rags; the garden was full of weeds and trampled down; the garden fence was broken, and a great

mantling pool of black filthy mud almost stopped the passage from where the garden-gate ought to have been to the cottage door. The girl was alone, and, as we have said, weeping bitterly, when a lady appeared upon the scene, carefully picking her way around the slushy path towards the little mourner. The girl's countenance brightened up when she saw the visitor, and she rose bashfully, but smiling through her tears.

"And so, Hester," said the visitor, taking the child by the hand, leading her into the cottage, and speaking in a tone of gentle kindness which found its way directly to the little throbbing heart—"and so, my poor child, your dear mother is gone?"

The little girl burst into a fresh torrent of tears, and sobbed very painfully.

"It is a sad trial, my dear girl," continued the visitor; "but you must not forget, Hester, that though your best earthly friend is dead, there is One who is not dead, who never will die, and who will be your friend if you ask him. Do you know whom I mean?" she asked.

"God," whispered the little mourner.

"Yes, God, for Christ's sake, will be your friend, Hester. He teaches us to say, 'When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.'"

"Yes, ma'am," sobbed the child; and then a renewed and overwhelming sense of her loss seemed to fill her with dismay, and she cried more bitterly than before—"Oh, what shall I do? what shall I do?"

The lady looked round her: everything bore the appearance of wretchedness and destitution; she looked at the girl's face more narrowly, it was care-worn and shrunken; she softly felt her arms, they were emaciated and flabby.

"What did you have for breakfast?" she demanded, suddenly turning to the child, and looking steadily in her face.

Hester's bosom heaved sadly: "Nothing, ma'am; there was nothing to eat, and father said I must wait till he comes home."

"And it is now past noon: has he not been home?"

The child shook her head mournfully.

"And when do you think he will come?"

"I don't know, ma'am."

"This is very shocking: you seem half-starved; are you hungry?"

"Not very, ma'am; I am more sick than hungry, and my head aches so."

"And do none of the neighbours come to see you, when your father is away?"

"No, ma'am; father says they won't come because the fever's been in the house, and they are afraid."

"Poor child!" said the visitor, in a tone of deep pity, adding, self-reproachfully, "Why did I not come when I first heard of this? How wrong I was! Can you put on your bonnet, and come with me to my house now, Hester?"

This was the first introduction of Hester Bateman to the family of her former Sunday-school teacher, and into which she was soon afterwards received, as to a refuge from the callous neglect of an intemperate widowed father, and in which she remained thirteen years.

At that time, Edward Frankland was about two years old, and Hester became for several years his nurse and companion. This will account for the tone of real respect, but apparent familiarity and simulated authority, with which, in the conversation recorded, he had been addressed by her.

Mr. Frankland, at this time in the prime of life, was a person of some property and consideration in the town of which we have spoken; and a life of ease and much enjoyment seemed to lie before him. But sorrows came in their appointed course. Of several children, the little Edward was the only one who survived the time of infancy; and eventually the loss of his wife, by a slow consumption, completed the wreck of his domestic happiness. He speedily broke up his establishment, and removed to London with his motherless boy. Hester then had to seek another service; but her affection remained with her old master, and Edward, from whom she did not part without many tears, and not until she had obtained the boy's promise to write to her, that she might at least know where and how they lived.

After this, Hester had several *places*, but no home, as she said, until courted and married, and taken by her husband, who was a journeyman copper-plate printer, to live in London—London, that is, in the wide sense, which includes the further boundaries of Edgware-road within its limits. The seven years' tossing about in service had done three things for Hester: it had strengthened her body; it had disposed her to happy contentment as the wife of a good-tempered, considerate, and sober husband; and it had restored to her tongue the broad Saxon of her early youth, from which her previous thirteen years' intercourse with the Franklands had not entirely divorced her. It may be added, that it also intensified her devotion for her "dear old master and Master Edward;" and the thought that reconciled her above all others to living in "that noisy smoky London" was, that *there* she might perhaps see them again; at least, she would be living in the same place with them.

Very carefully had Hester Bateman preserved the letter of master Edward, which contained his father's direction in London; and no sooner was she herself settled down there as Hester Green, than she found her way to — street, Westminster.

Then, for the first time, she learned that "wave upon wave" of sorrow had rolled in upon her old master. He had lost all his property in some untoward speculation; his health had departed too under the pressure of adversity, and the exertions of "Master Edward" alone kept them from the extremest sufferings of poverty. It was not until Hester had found them in a poor and close lodging near the river, that she learned how matters exactly stood with them; and then something like this conversation passed between Edward Frankland and herself.

"Master Edward, your father will die, stoved up in this nasty hot poking place. He wants fresh air, and not this sticky damp fog off the river. It will be the death of him."

"I don't think it is healthy, Hester; but what can we do? We are poor now."

"You needn't tell me that, Master Edward; I

see that plain enough," she said, and burst into tears. "I never thought of finding you like this," she added; "but tell me now, how was it? Poor creature, and how pale you look too!"

Edward told her how it was; and how thankful he was to be able to earn something to support his father; and how, for his father's sake, he wished it were ten times as much.

"And what can *you* do to earn money, Master Edward?" Hester asked, in a pitying tone. She quite forgot that he was not the boy he used to be when she had nursed and played with him in earlier times.

"Such things as these," replied Edward Frankland, smiling: "are they pretty?" and he threw open his portfolio, and showed her a variety of designs for silk-handkerchief patterns. "What do you think of them?"

They were pretty, beautiful, fine, and so forth, Hester acknowledged; but she did not understand how Edward could earn money by painting such things.

Edward explained.

"Well, it seems all very strange, to me," said Hester, with a bewildered air; "but you seem to know all about it. And what do you call yourself, Master Edward?"

"Why I suppose I must call myself a designer; I can scarcely say artist yet; I may some day though."

"You may say what you like to me, now, Master Edward; and I may say what I like to you, I suppose, mayn't I?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then I say, you must leave this dark damp place, and come to Edgware-road, I don't mean to say that *that's* very good air; but 'tis better there than here, and 'tis nearer the country. Master Edward, dear old master wants better air, and good nursing: and that, with God's blessing, will save his life; and, the long and short of it is, you must come and live with me. I'll be his nurse, and yours too, if you want one. I couldn't think," Hester added, "what put it into my head that I must find you out to-day, and told my husband so, and made him show me the way; but 'tis all plain now. So you must not go against Providence."

We need not lengthen our report of this interview, nor dwell on its immediate results. In the course of the next week, Mr. Frankland and Edward had shifted their lodgings; and in doing so, secured cleanliness, airiness, comfort, and an affectionate nurse. The remuneration they could at that time offer was comparatively small; but it was more than enough to satisfy Hester's husband; and as for Hester, but for delicacy's sake she would have served them day and night for nothing.

The agreement to which Edward Frankland had referred, was that his own dinner was not included in the bargain. He should often be in the city, he said; and he could never be certain about his dinner hour; so he would take care of himself between breakfast and tea; but how often Edward had "dined with duke Humphrey" never came to light.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]